LETTER

OF

THANKS

FROM

Lord [illegible]

TO

Lord B[p] of S[t] *Asaph*,

In the Name of the

Kit-Cat-Club.

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A

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FROM MY

Lord *W****n*

TO THE

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In the Name of the

Kit-Cat-Club.

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My Lord,

IT was with no little Satisfaction I undertook the pleaſing Task, aſſigned me by the Gentlemen of the *Kit-Cat-Club*, of addreſſing your Lordſhip with Thanks for your late Service ſo ſeaſonably done to our ſinking Cauſe, in Re-printing thoſe moſt excellent Diſcourſes, which you had formerly preached with ſo great Applauſe, though they were never heard of by us, till they were recommended to our Peruſal by the *Spectator*, who ſometime ſince, in one of his Papers, entertained the Town with a Paragraph out of the *Poſt-Boy*, and your Lordſhip's extraordinary *Preface*.

The World will perhaps be ſurprized, that Gentlemen of our Complexion, who have ſo long been piouſly employed in over-turning the Foundations of Religion and Government, ſhould now ſtoop to the Puny Amuſement of reading and

commending Sermons: But your Lordſhip can *work* Miracles, as well as *write* on them; And I dare aſſure your Lordſhip, and the World, that there is not an Atheiſt in the whole Kingdom (and we are no inconſiderable Party) but will readily ſubſcribe to the Principles ſo zealouſly advanced, and ſo learnedly maintained in thoſe Diſcourſes.

I cannot but obſerve with infinite Delight, that the Reaſons your Lordſhip gives for Re-printing thoſe immortal Pieces, are urged with that Strength and Force, which is peculiar to your Lordſhips Writings, and is ſuch, as all who have any Regard for Truth, or Reliſh for good Writing, muſt admire, though none can ſufficiently commend. In a word, the Preface is equal to the Sermons, leſs than That ought not, and more cannot, be ſaid of it. In this you play the Part of a Prophet, with the ſame Addreſs as that of a Preacher in thoſe; and, in a Strain no ways inferior to *Jeremiah*, or any of thoſe old Pretenders to inſpiration, ſagely foretell thoſe impending Miſeries which ſeem to threaten theſe Nations by the Introduction of Popery and Arbitrary Power: This a Man of leſs Penetratio n

tration than your Lordſhip, without a Spirit of Divination, or going to the Devil for the Diſcovery, may juſtly *fear and preſage from the natural Tendency of ſeveral Principles and Practices which have of late been ſo ſtudiouſly revived*: I know your Lordſhip means thoſe long ſince explodedDoctrines of Obedience, and Submiſſion to Princes, which were only calculated to make *a Free and Happy People Slaves and Miſerable.* Who but Aſſes and Pack-Horſes, and Beaſts of Burden, can entertain ſuch ſervile Notions? What! Shall the Lives and Liberties of a Free-born Nation be ſacrificed to the Pride and Ambition, the Humour and Caprice of any one ſingle Perſon? Kings and Princes are the Creatures of the People, meer State-Pageants, more for Shew than Uſe: Andſhall we fall down and worſhip thoſe Idols, thoſe Golden Calves of our own ſetting up? No, never by G---d, as long as I can hold a Sword, or your Lordſhip a Pen.

'Twas ſuitable to that admirable Foreſight, which is ſo conſpicuous in every Part of your Lordſhip's Conduct, to take this effectual Method of delivering your ſelf *from the Reproaches and Curſes of Poſterity,*

rity, by publickly declaring to all the World, that though, in the conſtant Courſe of your Miniſtry, you have never failed, on proper Occaſions, to recommend the Loving, Honouring, and Reverencing the Prince's Perſon, ſo as never to break His Royal Shins, nor tread upon His Heels; yet you never intended Men ſhould pay any Submiſſion or Obedience to Him any longer than He acted according to the Will and Pleaſure of His People. This you ſay is the Opinion of CHRIST, St. *Peter*, and St. *Paul*: And 'faith I am glad to hear it; for I never thought the Prigs had been Whigs before: But ſince your Lordſhip has taught them to declare for Rebellion, you may eaſily perſwade them to do as much for Prophaneneſs and Immorality; and then they, together with your Lordſhip, ſhall be enrolled Members of our Club. Your Lordſhip a little after, (I ſuppoſe, to ſtrengthen the Teſtimony of the forementioned Authors) takes Care to tell us, that *this always was, and ſtill is, your own Judgment in theſe Matters.* You need not fear we ſhould ſuſpect your Conſtancy and Perſeverance; for my Lord *S---mm---rs*, that great Genius, who is the Life and Soul, the Head and Heart

Heart of our Party, has long ſince obſerved, that we have never been diſappointed in any of our Whig Biſhops, but they have always unalterably acted up, or, to ſpeak properly, down to their Principles.

It is impoſſible for me, My Lord, in this ſhort Addreſs, to do Juſtice to every Part of your incomparable Preface: Nor need I run Riot in Encomium and Panegyrick, ſince you can perform that Part ſo much better for yourſelf; for you only give thoſe Praiſes, which you only can deſerve; as you have formerly proved, in the Dedication of your *Eſſay upon Miracles*, to Dr. *Godolphin*, where you declare your Work to be the moſt perfect of any upon that Subject, in order to pay a very uncommon Complement to your Patron, by telling Him you had prevailed with your Modeſty to ſay ſo much of your Performance, becauſe you would not be thought to make ſo ill a Complement to him, as to preſent him with what you had not a great Eſteem for your ſelf.

Tho' I can't go thro' the whole Preface, yet I think my ſelf obliged in Gratitude to thank your Lordſhip in a more particular Manner for the laſt Part of it, where you diſ-

play the Glories of the Whig Miniſtry in ſuch ſtrong and laſting Colours, as muſt needs cheer and refreſh the Sight of all Whig Spectators, and dazzle the Eyes of the Torries. Here, your Lordſhip riſes, if poſſible above your ſelf: Never was ſuch ſtrength of Thought, ſuch Beauty of Expreſſion, ſo happily joined together. Heav'ns! Such Force, ſuch Energy in each pregnant Word! Such Fire, Such Fervour, in each glowing Line! One would think your Lordſhip was animated with the ſame Spirit with which our Hero fought. Who can read, unmov'd, theſe following Strokes of Oratory? *Such was the Fame, Such was the Reputation, Such was the Faithfulneſs and Zeal to Such a Height of Military Glory, Such was the Harmony and Conſent, Such was the Bleſſing of God*, &c. O! the irreſiſtible Charm of the Word *Such!* Well, ſince *Eraſmus* wrote a Treaty in praiſe of Folly; and my Lord *Rocheſter* an excellent Poem upon *Nothing*, I am reſolved to employ the *Spectator*, or ſome of his Fraternity, (Dealers in Words) to write an Encomium upon SUCH. But whatever changes our Language may undergo (and every thing that is *Engliſh* is given to change) this happy Word is ſure to live in your immortal Preface. Your Lordſhip does not end yet, but to crown all, has another ſuch in Reſerve, where you tell the World, *We were juſt entring on the Ways that lead to Such a Peace, as would have anſwered all our Prayers*, &c. Now, perhaps ſome ſnarling Tory might impertinently enquire, when

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we might have expected ſuch a Peace? I anſwer, when the *Dutch* could get nothing by the War, nor we Whigs loſe any thing by a Peace; or to ſpeak in plain Terms, (for every one knows I am a free Speaker as well as a free Thinker) when we had exhauſted all the Nation's Treaſure, (which every body knows could not have been long firſt) and ſo far enrich'd our ſelves, and beggar'd our Fellow-Subjects, as to bring them under a Neceſſity of ſubmitting to what Conditions we ſhould think fit to impoſe; and this too we ſhould ſoon have effected, if we had continued in Power. But alas! juſt in that critical Juncture, when (as we thought) our Deſigns were ripe for Execution, the Scene changed, *God, for our Sins*, as your Lordſhip wiſely obſerves, *permitted the Spirit of Diſcord* (that is the Doctrine of Obedience and Submiſſion to Princes) *to go forth, and by troubling the Camp, the City, and the Country, (and Oh that it had ſpared the Places Sacred to his Worſhip) to ſpoil for a Time this beautiful and pleaſant Proſpect, and give us in its Stead, I know not what* . . . . . Oh Exquiſite! How pathetically does your Lordſhip complain of the Downfal of Whiggiſm, and *Daniel Burges*'s Meeting-houſe! The generous Compaſſion your Lordſhip has ſhewn upon this tragical Occaſion, makes me believe your Lordſhip will not be unaffected with an Accident that had like to have befallen a poor Whore of my Acquaintance about that Time, who being big with Whig, was ſo alarmed at the Riſing of

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the Mob, that ſhe had like to have miſcarryed upon it; for the Logical Jade preſently concluded, (and the Inference was natural enough) that if they began with pulling down Meeting-houſes, it might end in demoliſhing thoſe Houſes of Pleaſure, where ſhe conſtantly paid her Devotion; and, indeed, there ſeems a cloſe Connection between *Extempore* Prayer and *Extempore* Love. I doubt not, if this Diſaſter had reach'd your Lordſhip before, you would have found ſome Room in that moving *Parentheſis*, to have expreſs'd your Concern for it.

I come now to that laſt Stroke of your Lordſhip's almighty Pen; I mean that expreſſive Daſh---- which you give when you come to the New Miniſtry, where you break off with an artful *Apoſiopeſis*, and by refuſing to ſay any Thing of them yourſelf, leave your Reader to think the worſt they poſſibly can. Here your Lordſhip ſhews yourſelf a moſt conſummate Orator, when even your very Silence is thus eloquent.

Before I take my Leave, I cannot but congratulate your Lordſhip upon that diſtinguiſhing Mark of Honour which the H *** e of C * * * * s has done your Preface, by ordering it to be burnt. This will add a never-failing Luſtre to your Character, when future Ages ſhall read, how a few Pages of your Lordſhips could alarm the Repreſentative Body of the Nation. I know your Lordſhip had rather live in a Blaze, than lie buried in Obſcurity; and would

would, at any rate, purchaſe Immortality, tho' it be in Flames. Fire being a mounting Element, is a proper Emblem of your Lordſhip's aſpiring Genius.

I ſhall detain your Lordſhip no longer, but according to your Example, conclude with a ſhort Prayer; (tho' Praying, I confeſs, is not my Talent) may you never want Opportunities of thus ſignalizing yourſelf, but be *tranſmitted to Poſterity*, under the Character of one who dares ſacrifice every Thing that is moſt dear to you (even your own darling Labours) to promote the Intereſt of our Party, and ſtand ſainted in the Whig-Kalendar, as a Martyr for the Cauſe. This is the ſincere wiſh of the greateſt (next yourſelf) of your Lordſhips Admirers,

W****n.

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